

Bond

by FirePlusIce

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Summary: when Jack and his sister Emma go out skating, something bad happens, leaving Hiccup in a mess of sobs (Hijack. lots of Angst. warning for the feels)

Bond

He grips the pillow closer to himself as tears stain the white fabric. How long had he been in this state of pure depression, it couldn't have been long. It only felt as if the news was broken to him just minutes ago. Maybe it was, Hiccup didn't know.

All he knew was that the burning fire of sadness and regret was overpowering his mind, he couldn't think straight. Boiling tears spilled from the male's eyes like a river right after the ice of winter had melted. Hiccuped damned the ice. He hated it without remorse.

His body shook in a fit of sobs not too pleasant to the ears. Hiccup felt his lights slowly burning out, there was no more Jack keeping his lights light. No one could bring him out of the state he was in.

Hiccup regretted staying home to finish a thing for work, if only he agreed to go ice skating with Jack and his sister. Maybe then he could have helped Jack, saved him from the cold doom that had become of him.

Hands trembled as they clutched the pillow even closer to his body. He had collapsed on his bed when stoick, the males father, had broken the news to Hiccup. He hadn't moved since.

Maybe it was all just a dream, Hiccup thought, maybe it's just a night terror striking again. But, it wasn't and the male knew so, he chose not to believe it. Jack couldn't be gone, he wouldn't leave Hiccup.

Auburn hair swept into Hiccups eyes as he slowly lifted his head from the tear stained pillow. His red puffy eyes scanned the dark room before releasing another stream of tears. A salty taste lingered on his tongue as he licked the bottom of his lip, no spot on his face was left unharmed by tears.

The male still trembled as he reached over to Jack's side of the bed and grabbed his pillow. Hiccup brought it to his face and took in the scent of Jack still lingering there. How long had it been? just last night Jack's beautiful head laid upon the feathery pillow. Now the only trace of Jack there was the smell of soap and sweet honey, oh how Hiccup missed the scent of his lover.

He held the pillow in a hug against his chest, holding it as if it were Jack, as if somehow, if he imagined hard enough, the pillow would form into his precious love. It didn't but Hiccup hoped.

Life just had its way of messing around with Hiccup. First his mom passing away, then his dad obtaining a serious drinking problem (Which luckily is fixed now). Many other scenarios happened to the poor male, all of which, even if put together, couldn't match up to the pain he was suffering now. It didn't even come close.

He finally found someone who truly cared for him, someone who he loved more than anything. And he, like everything he loved, was taken away from him. Why Gods oh why?

Hiccup placed the pillow back on Jack's side delicately, like it was the most precious thing in the world before standing with absolutely no balance off the bed. He stumbled forwards a few steps until his hands met up with the chilling glass of the window. His forehead pressed against the cool window as he looked outside. It was just starting to be winter, Jack's favourite season. Why couldn't Jack have waited until further into winter to go ice skating! maybe then he wouldn't have? fell in. Maybe he wouldn't of had to sacrifice himself to save Emma, his litter sister. Maybe Jack would have still been alive, warm, heart beating and smile shining.

Oh how he wished?

Hiccup let out a breath, the warm air hitting cool glass and fogging it up. Why Jack?

Hiccup never left the room for a whole month.

He got skinnier from lack of food, he refused to eat food that Jack didn't make for him. Stoick made him most days.

The male sits at the wooden desk, staring at a blank piece of paper, the same piece he had been staring at for three days. Hiccup was beyond broken at that point. His green orbs, once filled of life and love, were now just pools of green, drowning in sorrow. Mourning took its toll on everyone.

His grimy, unwashed hair was matted down against his head as Hiccup stood from the chair. The male's eyes were still red but less puffy, they had been dried of any tears for weeks.

He walked to the window like he did everyday and looked out, a hand

pressing up against the glass. Frost had formed at the edge of the window, Hiccup noticed, it was pretty. For the strangest reason the frost gave him a feeling deep down inside, something that was telling him that everything was going to be okay.

Hiccup almost rolled his eyes at the feeling, almost. But, strangely then he had the desire to take care of himself for the first time since Jackâ€¦|.

The male retreated from the window and shook his head. Maybe just a shower, so that's what he did. It took at least three rounds of shampoo for Hiccup to feel that his hair was cleaned. He scrubbed at his body for ten minutes until satisfied.

He clothed up after the long shower and walked back to the window. Hiccup pulled up a chair and stared outside to where it was snowing lightly.

What he didn't know was that Jack was sitting on the roof of his house, staff in hand, deep in thought. Jack ran a hand through his newly white hair and looked up at the moon.

Everyday at the same time, Hiccup sat looking out the window while Jack sat on the roof of his house.

Jack couldn't remember anything before he fell into the lake. But his bond and love with Hiccup was so strong that even when he became Jack Frost, he felt tied to the male living in the house, the male he thought he never knew but actually did.

End
file.